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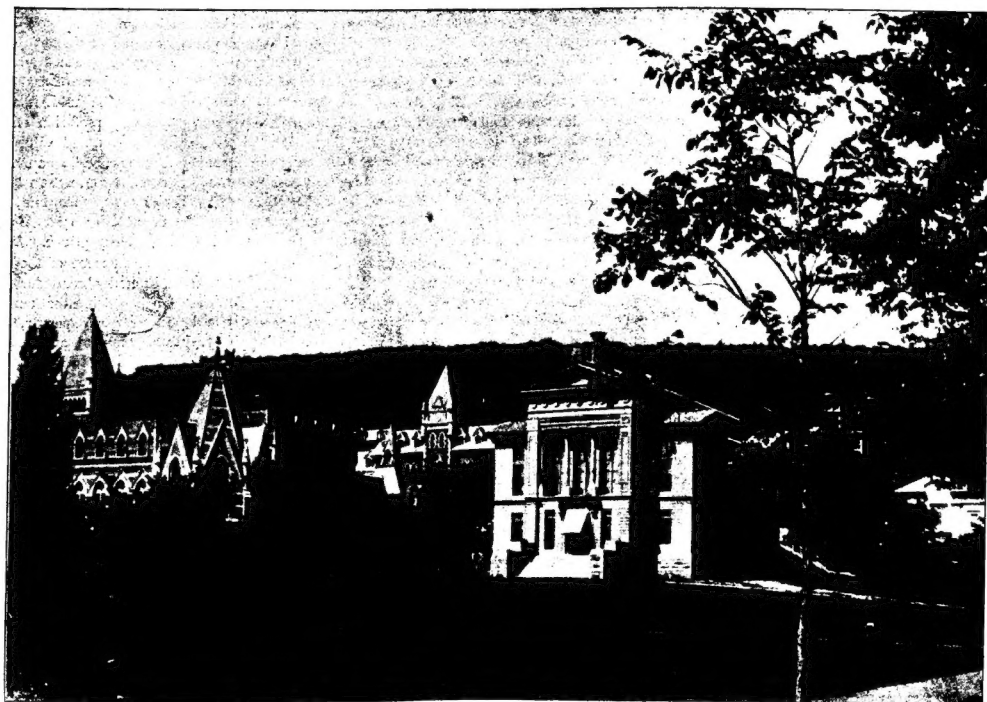
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DORRANCE, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 78.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 28th DECEMBER, 1889.

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THE PETER REDPATH MUSEUM AND THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, AS SEEN FROM THE
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Henderson, photo.

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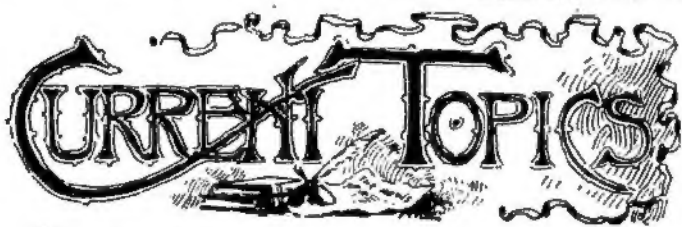
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The progress of a people is exemplified, not merely in the opening up and settlement of new areas, in the expansion of business, in the establishment of factories and the prosperity of the industrial class, but also in the spread of education, the development of a taste for study, the widening love of knowledge, and the cultivation, in the fullest sense, of the intellectual, moral and aesthetic faculties. No person who has carefully watched the progress of Canada in recent years can fail to have taken note of our triumphs in these directions. There is not one of our cities or important towns that has not its societies for mutual improvement under various names, some with special objects, such as the study of science, of history, of literature or of art, others for the investigation of political and economic problems, and others, again, of a general character, which includes many or all of these objects. One of the most hopeful of the attempts of this kind that have been started in this city, is the union of the two societies to whose work reference has more than once been made in these columns—the Society for Historical Studies and the Society of Canadian Literature. The former was established a few years ago by Mr. Thomas Macdougall, its first, Mr. W. J. White, its present, president, the late Mr. R. A. Ramsay and a few other earnest students, with the design of creating a more fruitful interest in Canadian history. It has proved a success, and is now well organized, with a zealous secretary, Mr. J. P. Edwards, and a considerable membership. The other society was projected by Mr. W. D. Lighthall early last year, and, from the first, attracted a large number of willing workers. In the beginning of the present winter it was thought well to unite the two bodies in such a way as would leave their respective organizations intact. The course of papers for the season, so arranged that each society supplies an essayist each alternate evening, has just been printed under the supervision of Mr. G. S. Wilson, secretary of the Society of Canadian Literature. Two of them have already been read at well attended meetings—the first on the 7th inst., by Mr. Mott, on "Montreal," the second, on Saturday last, by Mr. Lighthall, whose theme was "The first Canadian Novel." We are glad to see that the list comprises ladies.

In connection with such societies, and more especially such of them as are devoted largely to debating, a useful little manual, of the series of "Economic Tracts," has just been issued in a revised form. It is entitled "Questions for Debate in politics and economics, with subjects for essays and terms for definition." It contains an introduction by Mr. George Hles, to whose courtesy we

are indebted for our copy, from which we take the following suggestion: "When a debating club is small, it is a good plan for the chairman to ask every one present to say something. This limits the time which can be taken up by the talkative, and draws out the reticent, who may have contributions better worth having. In fixing upon subjects for debate, it is advisable whenever possible to give them connection: for example, a series of debates on taxation might turn on its relations to land, commerce and the extension of governmental functions. The bane of a debating club is apt to be the time consumed in operating the machinery of elections and so on. To obviate this, the executive committee should be charged with every task of which the club meetings may properly be relieved, and elections should be restricted to a few meetings each season." The terms for definition, subjects for essays and questions for debate are well chosen, and cover a broad range in the department of research with which the tracts of the series deal.

In this practical age, there is in some quarters a tendency to specialize education, even in school, as far as possible with reference to the profession, business or occupation to which the pupil intends to devote his life. There are still educationists, however, who hold that the best equipment for the work of life, even when it is in the walks of commerce or industry, is that of the old standard liberal education. This is the view that Mr. Davin, M. P., with his usual vigour and eloquence, has adopted in a lecture delivered at the opening of Lansdowne College, Portage La Prairie, on the 11th of last month. The essay, which is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, who, in the author's opinion, furnishes the best living example of his theory, is entitled "Culture and Practical Power." It furnishes an abundance of instances of scholars who have been successful in public life, in commerce, in the professions, and wherever the highest type of practical efficiency has been called for. Mr. Davin maintains that it is a departure from the orthodoxy of common sense to suppose that the higher a man's qualifications, knowledge and ideals, the lower would be his usefulness at whatever task his hand might find to do. In the main the men who have distinguished themselves in every sphere of higher endeavour have been educated men. If they were not so, they laboured under disadvantages which those so situated could not fail to regret. There have been frequently instances of men whose natural ability won them high positions deploring their lack of superior acquirements, but we never heard of any one, however successful, regretting that he had to bear a burden of superfluous knowledge. Greek, for instance, is very often pronounced *ex cathedra* a supernumerary and utterly useless accomplishment. But we never heard of any one blaming it for standing in the way of his advancement. Neither Greek nor Latin, however, is the whole of education, and Mr. Davin uses culture in a much wider sense. The day is gone by when the strong arm swayed the destinies of men. It is the strong head that rules to-day. Whatever increases its strength, without weakening the physical or moral powers (and these two are included in the broadest culture), is good and to be desired. It is the man of business, indeed, who most needs culture as a diversion from the strain of toil and care, as well as for the due development and balance of all his faculties. Mr. Davin's lecture touches the right key and is sure to do good.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It is one of the moral drawbacks of the electric telegraph, as a means for the rapid transmission of all kinds of news, that it causes in the general mind an unhappy confusion as to the relative importance of events. The daily occurrences of which (apart from professional or business exigencies) the accounts are most eagerly read, belong very largely to the class of subjects whose discussion is least edifying. Only a small proportion of the whole budget of news is calculated to furnish grounds for a fair estimate of human progress. Reports of accidents, crimes, trials, political meetings, elections, sporting matters, alleged utterances of public men, failures, riots, scandals and other phases of the life, thought and movement of mankind all over the world, do certainly supply data for the history of the time. It may be said, indeed, that in this *olla podrida* of far-fetched gossip, we have the very essence and flavour of what is good, bad and indifferent in the whole round world served up to us every morning. The organization that gives us this daily feast of novelty is assuredly admirable. We have become so used to the regular discharge of its functions that we have ceased to wonder at it. A century ago the most advanced science would have promptly pronounced it impossible—a utopian dream. To us it is a commonplace reality. The very profusion of news tends to deprive it of interest and value. We read it as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, forget it. It is, moreover, what is simply sensational that occupies most space, and, therefore, what is really memorable is very often passed over or dismissed with a hasty glance. Let any ordinary reader try to recall some of the events that have been most bruited abroad during the past year and he will acknowledge that our attention from day to day is, far too frequently, squandered on the mere casual by-play and incidental side issues in the great drama of life. Often what is most significant in thought, word and deed, secures no notice at all, or, at best, but a glance or whispered comment. This does not happen because the agencies that procure us our news do not lay before us an ample variety. Their nets are close and far-reaching, and it is a small item floating on the great stream of time that escapes capture. But in the display of headings preference is given to the sensational, however worthless or ephemeral it may be in its bearings on the world's development. The sensations of the year—those happenings that, for the time being, monopolize attention—are not necessarily, therefore, the events most worthy of remembrance as affecting the destiny of our race.

Nevertheless, whatever deeply stirs the public mind has for that very reason a significance as a test of the triumph or failure of civilization, and thus the nine days' wonders of any period are landmarks by which its progress may be measured. To be sure, all that excites popular feeling is not valueless. A great battle, a great political crisis, an earthquake or other disaster, occasioning loss of life and destruction of property, the death of some famous personage, or some scientific discovery likely to revolutionize certain departments of industry—these and other such events are of general interest to the class that reads and thinks, and are at the same time more or less sensational. But to be able to judge with some degree of accuracy whether, in a certain period—the year ending, for instance—the world has, on the whole, im-

proved, and in what respects it is better now than it was at the starting-point of our retrospect, we should have to penetrate far below the surface of those events that have attained publicity. It is not in the defeat of a cabinet or even in the overthrow of a dynasty that we learn whether a nation is soaring or sinking. Some vague notion we may gain of the main tendency of popular aspiration, but that notion is as likely to be wrong as right. The speeches of popular orators may be as rose-coloured and as meaningless as speeches from thrones, and equally untrustworthy as indications of the drift of opinion or the condition of the masses. Even statistics, however careful, are practically useless without a commentary. As for the relations of communities to each other, the multitude of documents that treat with such gravity of the sentiments that inspire France towards Germany, Austria towards Russia, or England towards Italy are absurdly misleading. For the entities that the writers have in their minds are not the millions that make up those great nations, but a few statesmen and journalists of more or less pronounced leanings and antipathies. Individuals do certainly exercise vast influence for good and evil on the destinies of nations, but the latter have notwithstanding a moral and intellectual development which must be studied apart from both dynasties and statecraft. This truth—which is of more importance than the success or discomfiture of any system-monger—is liable to be lost sight of in the conflict of rival ambitions to which whole nations are made subservient. It seems a cruel mockery to hear of the schemes of aggrandizement by which populations are arrayed against each other in a struggle that makes men mere pawns on a chess-board, to be moved hither and thither at the caprice of a despot. War, doubtless, has its purpose in the growth of humanity, but a policy which turns a whole continent into a series of camps and fills the air with perpetual rumours of war is hardly one for congratulation, even if it be exercised on the plea of necessity.

The year just closing has only differed from its predecessors in the greater rife of such rumours and the larger expenditures for such slaughter-drills. The inevitableness of a sanguinary conflict in a future more or less remote has been formulated into an article of faith which, as an understood proviso, qualifies even professions of peaceful intent. The disturbing effect of this constant menace on the public mind of Europe is shown by its proneness to sudden panics, the results of which on finances, industry and commerce would be more serious if they had not so often been proved unfounded. The many visits of crowned heads to each other have marked the isolation of the French Republic. The French Exposition also lacked the sanction of the European monarchies, though it was cordially recognized by the nations of the world. Englishmen contributed not a little to its success, and their coöperation was thankfully acknowledged. The presence of the young Kaiser at the British naval manoeuvres helped to remove the ill-feeling caused by Count Bismarck's attack on Sir Robert Morier. The prominence of Bazaine in the *casus belli* and the courteous attentions paid by the Czar to the British Ambassador gave the controversy a large international significance. On the break-down and suicide of Pigott the usefulness of the Special Commission may be said to have ended, but it only reached its goal (whatever that was) a few weeks ago. The Royal Grants debate emphasized

the growth of English Radicalism as a distinct force from the traditional Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone. The sympathy shown for the dockmen in the great London strike was significant in the same direction. The county councils have been verifying the adage of the new broom and have done some good work. England has taken a lesson from her colonies in organizing a department of agriculture. There are signs of a growing rapprochement between the Unionist coalition and the Nationalists, the issue of which is, as yet, however, uncertain. The postponed Western Australia bill brought out the solidarity of the Australian colonies, as against the Mother Country. Whether they will agree as well on the federation question remains to be seen. Sir H. Parkes is hopeful, though his record with regard to the Federal Council is against him as the leader of such a movement. The Behrings Sea question was urged on the attention of the Government, but with what result is not yet known. The "Sackville incident" solved itself in a double sense, *ambulando*. Another "incident"—that which took its name from the Russian Atchinoff—had some interesting results across the channel, leading indirectly to the prosecution of the *Ligue de Patriotes*, which was the inauguration of the Government's vigorous and successful anti-Boulangist policy. The year, on the whole, has been a prosperous one for the Republic, which, if it uses its advantages wisely, may ultimately reconcile the not too prejudiced Conservatives. Certainly in some respects, France is less to be pitied than Germany, where such things as the persecution of Prof. Geffcken cause neither the chancellor nor his master to blush. There has been a good deal of fruitless court paid to the Czar on the part of the leading member of the Triple Alliance, but the attempt to coerce Austria-Hungary into following suit has been a failure. The boldness of Muscovite intrigue in the Balkans during the past year, the Czar's open inciting of Prince Nicholas to seek the crown of Serbia (laid aside by King Milan), the evil work of anti-Austrian agents in Roumania, leading to a succession of crises, and the Czar's efforts, through the Radical Zankoff, to overthrow Prince Ferdinand, were provocations that neither Count Kalnoy nor Herr Tissa could condone. In Italy the situation remains virtually unchanged. An Italian prelate who undertook to preach conciliation by defending Italian unity was untimely in choosing the hour of his appeal, and he withdrew his *cirenicon*. The Eastern Question is still unsettled. Crete has again been up in arms in vain, the unwise manifesto of M. Tricoupis only encouraging hopes that were sure to end in disappointment. His railway policy (though financially hazardous) will be welcomed by the travelling world.

Africa has had the eyes and ears of civilization for a good part of the year. Egypt was menaced by an Ethiopian invasion, which General Grenfell had the honour of repelling. The death of King John of Abyssinia (England's old friend) led to unexpected results for Italy, whose claims, however, based on a treaty with King Menelek of Shoa, France disallows. East Africa has been the stage of a German-Arab conflict, but its glory is to have restored Stanley and Emin Pasha (mained unhappily through an accident) to anxious civilization. The annals of exploring adventure have produced few parallels to the story of the heroes—especially that of Stanley's second journey up the Aruwimi and through the central forest to Fort

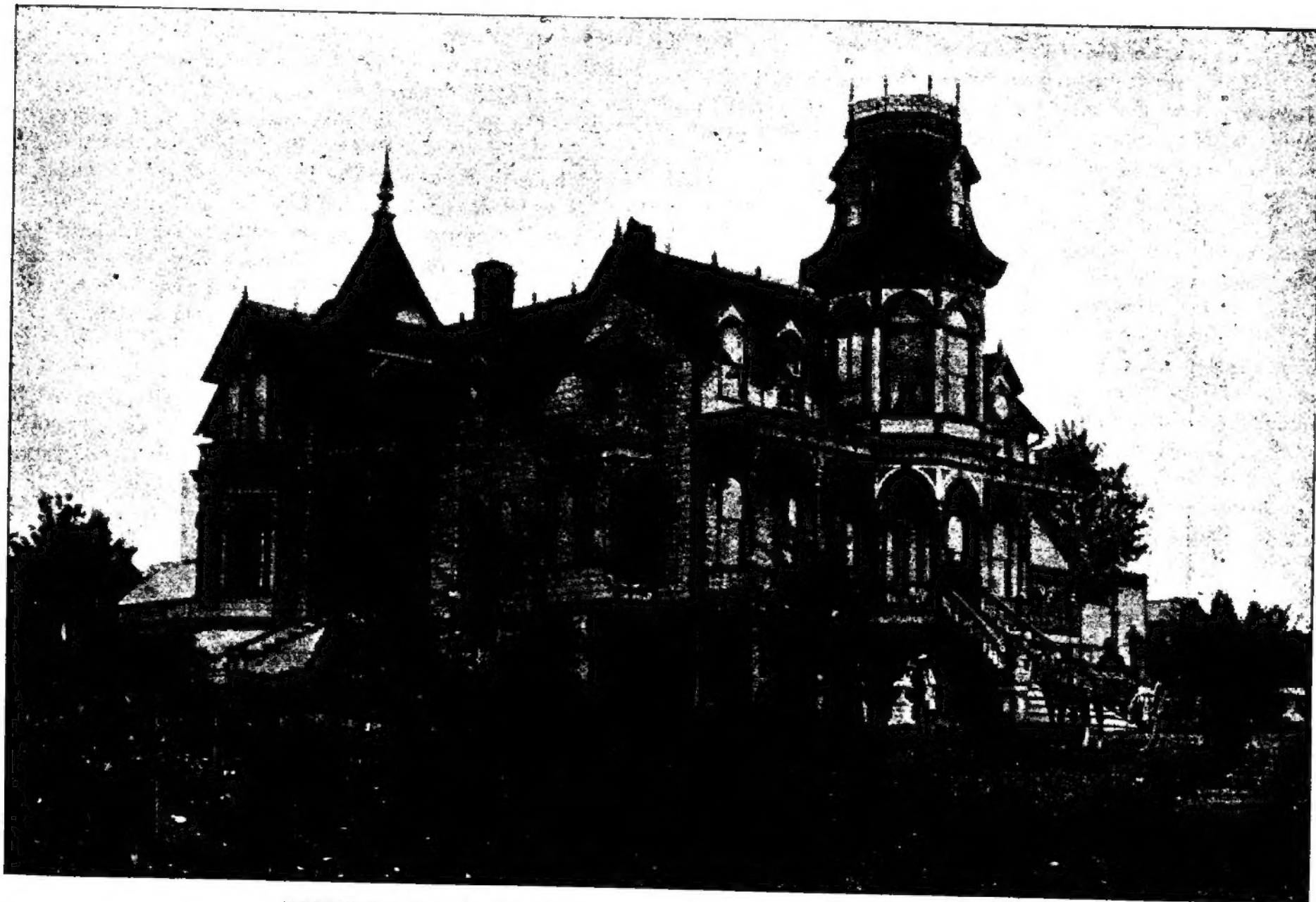
Bobo, where Lieut. Stairs held garrison. On reaching the trysting place at Kavilli, he was disappointed to hear that Emin and Mr. Jephson had been captured by the Mahdists. He was determined, however, to fulfil his mission and to justify its name at whatever personal inconvenience, and his triumphant return was one of the bright spots of the past year. Some difficulties arose between England and Portugal in connection with the Delagoa Bay railway and the Zambezi region, which led to some acrimonious controversy. South Africa has been prosperous. The Armenians have been protesting anew against Moslem tyranny, Moussa Bey being the chief offender. The Shah's visit to England has led to some reforms in Persia, such as the introduction of the Western banking system. Some Afghan frontier alarms were hardly heard in the turmoil of European rivalries. In India there has been a good deal of agitation and some military expeditions were necessary to meet refractory border states. In Burmah the dakoits have not been idle, and they have kept the forces busy. China has inaugurated a railway policy, from which much is expected. The Siberian railway project has also been taken up in earnest by Russia, the Government of which country sent a commissioner to this continent to inspect and report on the American and Canadian transcontinental lines. Japan's new constitution goes into force on the 1st of January next. We have already dealt with it at some length.

Our relations with Australia are destined to become more intimate and mutually advantageous. The Canadian Dominion is the model of the federation which is now under discussion. Hawaii was the scene of an abortive revolution. One of the insular inspectors, by birth a Canadian, has been on a visit to Canada, and has advocated closer relations between the Sandwich Islands and the Dominion. In South America the event of the year has been the Brazilian revolution. The Haytian combatants gradually wore each other out, Gen. Legitime being the victor. The Pan-American Conference of Mr. Secretary Blaine has been at work for some months, but as yet it is not certain with what result. The inauguration of President Harrison took place in due course, and the usual changes in the various services followed. The year has had its share of disasters, among which that of Conemaugh and the Quebec rock-slide will be mournfully recalled. In Canada the year has been one of much controversy of a kind which it was hoped that we had outgrown. But, notwithstanding bitter words, which are never in season, there has been, thanks to the moderation of enlightened public men and the kindly good sense of our people as a whole, no serious rupture of good relations between the two great sections of our population. It has been our constant aim, as far as lay within the range of our modest influence, to reconcile, instead of accentuating, differences, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts have, in the main, been acceptable to our readers. Some of those whom we were, at the beginning of the year, glad to number among the friends of this journal, have been taken to their rest. Among them were benefactors of their compatriots and their race, of whom any country might be proud. In conclusion, we would thank all our subscribers and those who have aided us by their contributions, and trusting that in the future, as in the past, our relations may continue on the same friendly basis, we wish them and all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

VIEWS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From photographs by S. J. Thompson, New Westminster.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN HENDRY, ESQ., MAYOR OF NEW WESTMINSTER.



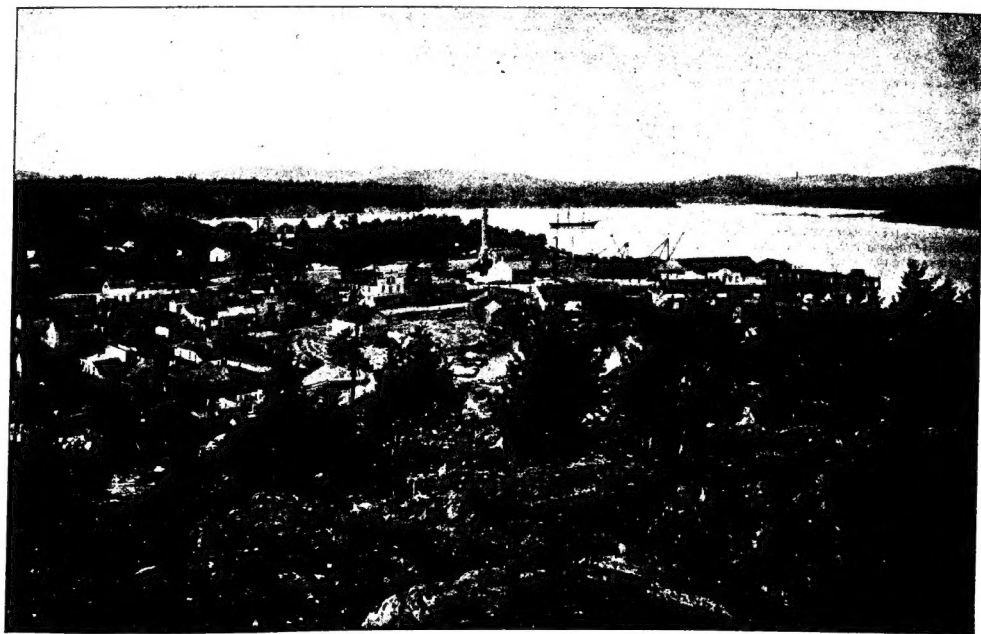
ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, SOUTH END.

VIEWS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From photographs by S. J. Thompson, New Westminster.



ROSE BUSHES, NEW WESTMINSTER.



ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, NORTH END.



THE PETER REDPATH MUSEUM, MCGILL UNIVERSITY.—In the year 1880, Mr. Peter Redpath, who had already enriched the institution with various gifts, announced that he intended to make to McGill University the donation of the museum which bears his name. On the 21st of September, in the same year, the foundation stone of the building was laid by the Marquis of Lorne, in the presence of the convocation of the University and a large number of the friends of education. On the 24th of August, 1883, the museum was duly conveyed by Mr. Redpath to the late Judge Day, as Chancellor, on behalf of the corporation of the University, and the formal opening took place in the presence of an assemblage comprising not only what was most distinguished in Canadian science and learning, but a fair representation of British and American research and culture. It had been arranged that the inauguration should coincide with the meeting in this city of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and invitations had also been sent to the Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and other high officials and notabilities. In accepting the gift the chancellor said: "It is a difficult task to express in fitting words our sense of the obligation under which you have laid not only the University, but the friends of education in the interesting and important department of science which your liberality is intended to promote. The architectural beauty of the edifice in which we are assembled—its classic design—the elegance and completeness of its finish make it in itself an education of no small value; while joined to these excellencies, its ample proportions and perfect adaptation to its destined uses, indicate the munificence and wisdom of its founder. We trust it will remain for future generations what it now is, a majestic monument, bearing the honoured name of him in whom the power of riches has been added to the better gift of distributing them with a bountiful hand for the welfare of mankind. You will be gratified to learn that the valuable assemblage of objects of natural science for which you have provided this stately depository has been enriched by the addition of the life-long collections of our learned and honoured principal, Dr. Dawson—a gift by him to the University of great pecuniary, and far greater scientific value, and let me add that it is but one of a long series of benefactions and self-sacrifices by which he has earned our gratitude. Acts like these extend further than their first manifest object. They give an impulse to philanthropic hearts, while they furnish a standing protest against the selfish and ignoble use of wealth. We accept this hall of science as a noble contribution to those higher agencies, and now before this assembly, made august by the presence of our distinguished guests, true kings of the realms of thought, and in the presence of the benefactors of this University, enlightened men, and no less sympathetic and generous women, we dedicate the Peter Redpath Museum to the study of the various and wonderful manifestations of God's creation, and emphatically we dedicate it to the use of earnest students, who in reverent questioning of the works of living nature and the records upon the stony tablets of a dead and buried world, seek that vital truth, which above all other things, it imports the immortal spirit of man to know." Dr. Carpenter then spoke of the welcome he had received "as the brother of Philip Carpenter, whose collection, he was glad to say, formed one of the ornaments of this museum"; dwelt on the great value of the fossils contained in the building; touched on his collaboration with Principal (Sir J. W.) Dawson and Sir William Logan in connection with one of the most remarkable of them, the *Horoon Canadense*, and contrasted the opportunities for scientific study enjoyed by the later generation of students, with the meagre means at the disposal of the inquirer when he was a young man. After some remarks by Professor Hall on the value of the museum for extending a knowledge of the natural history and resources of Canada, Principal (Sir J. W.) Dawson thanked Mr. Redpath, not so much as representing the University, but as President of the American Association, and on his own behalf as a student of nature. He had the utmost faith in well arranged collections as a means of education and, when united, as here, with admirable rooms for teaching and with capable teachers, there was the best reason to hope that the Peter Redpath Museum would be a large and constantly increasing factor in the educational life and growth of Canada. These forecasts have not proved unfounded. The number of persons using the museum and the additions since made to its collections, as shown by the annual reports, evince the deep interest of a large number of earnest students, both in and out of Canada, and the good results of Mr. Redpath's generous example. The architects were Messrs. Hutchinson & Steele.

THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—This fine building, the object of which is denoted by its name, is a familiar sight among the educational edifices of Montreal. The college, a handsome, capacious, well arranged stone structure, is pleasantly situated on a rising ground above the city, overlooking the university grounds and having a fair and comprehensive view of the city, the river and the region on the other side of it. Like most of the religious educational institutions of Montreal, it owes its erection and enlargement to private generosity. In 1865 the

church authorities secured a charter. Mrs. Redpath set a good example by endowing a chair with a sum of \$20,000; the late Mr. Edward Mackay gave \$40,000, and the late Mr. Joseph Mackay bequeathed \$10,000 for the same purpose. Mr. David Morrice contributed the means for the splendid addition to the original college known as Morrice Hall, a name in which his public-spirited and pious munificence is deservedly commemorated. It comprises the Convocation Hall, the library, the dining hall, dormitories and offices, forming with the original building the three sides of a quadrangle. The institution is a training school for ministers and missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and is under the control of the General Assembly. It is in every way well adapted for its purpose. The library is one of rare excellence and fulness in theological learning—one of its specialties being a complete set of Migne's famous collection of the Fathers of the Church. There is a preparatory department. The course looks to the degree of B.D. For the arts course there is ample and convenient provision—the College being affiliated with McGill University. The Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., is principal. The other professors are the Rev. John Campbell, M.A., the Rev. D. Coussirat, B.D.; the Rev. John Scrimger, M.A., and the Rev. L. H. Jordan, B.D. The Rev. N. MacNish, B.D., LL.D., Cornwall, and Messrs. A. T. Taylor, F.R.I.B.A., C. W. Whyte, B.A., and W. M. Rochester, B.A., are lecturers. Several students' societies are connected with the College, which also publishes an excellent monthly magazine, the *Presbyterian College Journal*.

RESIDENCE OF J. HENDRY, ESQ., MAYOR OF NEW WESTMINSTER.—This engraving is its own interpreter. It will give our readers some notion of the style of architecture and mode of living that prevail among the well-to-do class in New Westminster and other cities of our great Pacific Province. The situation of Mr. Hendry's dwelling is, we believe, unsurpassed in the Dominion for the lovely view that it commands, including the Fraser River, the Coast Range for many miles inland, Mount Baker, which so delighted the Marquis of Lorne, with Vancouver Island in the distance. "Such a spectacle," said the Earl (now Marquis) of Dufferin, on his visit to the Pacific some twelve years ago, "is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty." And this is the testimony of all tourists (though they have not all Lord Dufferin's faculty of expression) who have visited the country. It is a land richly favoured by nature, whether we survey it day after day from a floating palace, or fix our attention on some lovely spot in the ever varying scene of matchless beauty. "The varied view of sea and land," says another traveller, from whose description we have already quoted more than once, "with, in the distance the pearly opalescent range of the Olympian Mountains, was one of the most exquisite I ever saw. The clouds above were gorgeous with purple, rose-pink, silver-gray and glowing gold, while the far-shimmering, sunset-tinted mountain peaks seemed too ethereal for earth. They were surely like the gates of pearl and walls of precious stones of the New Jerusalem. In the south-east rises Mount Baker in a beautiful isolated cone to the height of thirteen thousand feet." And to these rapturous praises of Dr. Withrow we might add others from tourists equally delighted with the rare loveliness of the scenery. To catch a glimpse of such charms is surely worth a long journey.

SUB ROSIS.—It is not often that one sees even in a picture such a sight as this. The house is absolutely hidden from view, smothered in the sweets of the queen of beauty among flowers, for form, texture and fragrance. Even England, the land of roses, as the Rev. Mr. Stone calls it, could not equal such profusion as this—more than a thousand roses, we believe, on each bush. As this is from a photograph, sent us direct from the scene of this luxuriant growth, we can now have no difficulty in believing what so many tourists have told us. The season when the picture was taken was midsummer, but in British Columbia, New Westminster especially, the roses bloom at all seasons, we are told. "Though the month was October," says a traveller, giving his personal experience, "the air was balmy, the sun warm, the foliage green and the roses, pinks and dahlias were in full bloom in the gardens. At the pleasant home of a friend I was presented with one of the most lovely and fragrant bouquets of roses that I ever saw." We hope our English readers will appreciate this twofold testimony to the mildness of the climate and the bounty of the soil of far Western Canada. It is not all arctic.

THE HARBOUR OF ESQUIMAULT, VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—This fine harbour, to which we had occasion to refer some time ago in connection with the dry dock constructed in that place, is the most important in Vancouver Island. It is situated on the strait of Juan de Fuca, about sixty-five miles from its entrance and about three miles from Victoria. The harbour is about three miles long by two miles broad, and has an average depth of from six to eight fathoms. Rocky promontories, with gently sloping sandy bays and outlying islands, diversify its shore line. Esquimalt has for many years been the station of Her Majesty's ships on the Pacific coast. Be-

sides the graving dock, it contains a naval hospital, a navy yard, and a series of buildings necessary to accommodate the officers and men of the squadron. Apart from its position, in connection with the latter, Esquimalt is a place of recognized commercial importance. The scenery is among the most beautiful in North America. "Such a spectacle," said Lord Dufferin during his visit to Victoria in 1876, "is not to be paralleled by any country in the world." And his successor is no less enthusiastic. "There is," writes the Marquis of Lorne, "no fairer land in the world than the country around Victoria. The climate of much of the island is like that of Devonshire or Jersey. A more rigorous winter is to be met with at its northern end, and the high mountains which stud most of it afford opportunities of seeking an occasional snow-field in winter. But about Victoria the snow never lies long, and its inhabitants are far more ignorant of the art of skating than are their English cousins." And such testimonies could be multiplied. Our engraving will help the reader to appreciate one phase of this lovely scenery, as well as the local advantages of which we have spoken.

HAMILTON, ONT.—To some of our readers this will be a familiar and a cherished sight. The city of Hamilton is, in one particular, like Montreal. It has its mountain on one side and its water on the other. Burlington Bay, the very name of which suggests scenes of beauty, is one of the loveliest parts of that lake which our poet, Campbell, has so triumphantly sung. Hamilton is built on a plateau of slightly elevated ground at the foot of a range of hills that extends to the Falls of Niagara, and which at this point forms a noble background to Hamilton. It is from the slopes of the mountain that the large double-page view, of which we give an engraving, was taken, and the general effect is not unlike the panorama of our own city from a like eminence. The ground was laid out in 1813 by Mr. George Hamilton, who foresaw the future greatness of the city from the natural advantages of the locality. The western extremity of Lake Ontario at the foot of the escarpment forming the outer rim of the lake basin, with materials for building and the signs of fertility all around it, he recognized at once its fitness to be an agricultural centre and the seat of a thriving trade. Manufactures, perhaps, did not enter his mind, for in the early part of the century, to encourage manufacturing out of England was a sort of economic *lèse-majesté* that no loyal Briton, who valued his peace of mind, would be guilty of. But the day was to come when all those old-world prejudices would be swept away and Hamilton was to grow into not merely a mart of commerce and a primary or secondary goal for the produce of a large and rich district, but a busy hive of various fabrication. The city was from the first well planned. The streets, as in Montreal, were partly compelled by circumstances, partly directed by choice, to run, for the most part, at right angles to each other. Back from the Bay they are mostly south and north, the principal thoroughfare, King street, traversing the town right through from east to west. Near the centre of it there is a large open space, some distance north from which is Market Square, where a spacious building may be seen. This is the Market or City Hall, as we have regard to its lower or upper storeys. Court House Square, between King street and the Mountain, takes its name from the new Court House erected in 1878, and one of the finest structures of its kind in the Dominion. The Exhibition Building and Ground, the Hospital and the Drill Hall are other noteworthy features in the architecture, to which attention is called in our engravings. In the secular buildings, as in the churches of Hamilton, an artistic sentiment is evident, which is one of the most striking characteristics of the place to the visitor. In all, its sacred edifices number more than twenty-five, and there is hardly one of them that has not some special charm for the lover of good architecture. Christ Church Cathedral may not be comparable with Montreal's church of the same name, but it has a beauty of its own. The finer private residences of Hamilton, in the main, are in harmony with the tone of the churches and public buildings. The stately pile of Dundurn was long associated with one of our unforgotten statesmen, Sir Allan McNab. The home of the Hon. W. E. Sanford, whose portrait and biography we published not long ago, is a pleasant example of the taste of a later generation. In fact, whether we examine its churches, its civic buildings, its houses of education and charity, or the residences of its prominent citizens, we find Hamilton worthy of its fame and aspirations. Canada boasts of at least a dozen of as handsome cities as could be found on this continent—some of them, with historic associations that carry us back for centuries. They differ from each other in natural surroundings, and in architectural character, as in the composition of their population and the industry and trade that give them life and progress. But there is no reason why one should envy the other. We need them all, and they are all alike necessary to the prosperity of the Dominion.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY STATION AND YARDS, ST. THOMAS, ONT.—This is another prominent feature of a western city, to whose growth and prosperity we have already given attention. Much of its advancement has been due, as we have already pointed out, to its railway facilities. It had originally, indeed, marked advantages of situation, being in the destined path of travel through a rich district, both into the heart of Ontario and to all parts of the continent. The Southern Railway may be said to have laid the foundation of its fortunes, or, at least, to have strengthened them that they could no longer be shaken by

any vicissitude. The Company's Car Shops are a sight to see for those who would have an insight into one of the greatest forces of modern progress. The engine and general repair shops of the Company are also located here, and it is no uncommon occurrence for the company to disburse \$40,000 at this point on its monthly visits. The Michigan Central and its St. Clair and London branches, together with the Credit Valley division of the C.P.R., make of this a union station. Our engraving gives a view of it and of the yard adjoining.

MEDICAL SCHOOL, MCGILL UNIVERSITY.—The building in our engraving will be familiar to many of our readers as that of the Medical School of McGill University. The Medical Faculty of this great institution was founded in 1828. It was originally known as the "Medical Institution." Its organizers were Drs. John Stephenson, Andrew F. Holmes, William Robertson and William Caldwell. In 1829 it was affiliated to McGill College, and in 1833 the degree of M.D. was conferred for the first time on Mr. W. L. Logic. At that time there were only five professors, now there are nearly twenty. The reputation of the school has extended far and wide, and some of its graduates have made their mark in both hemispheres. For some years the school had no building of its own. Then, after some vicissitudes, it settled down in what was for a long time its familiar home in Coe's street. Some years ago it was thought time to move to a more convenient site, and the present building was opened in 1855. It has been found admirably adapted for the fulfilment of its functions—the facilities now offered being on a par with those of the first schools in Europe. By what is known as the "Leacholm Endowment," Sir Donald Smith gave \$50,000 towards the perfecting of the means at the disposal of the students. The Campbell Memorial and Cameron Obstetrical Endowments—the former, in honour of Dr. G. W. Campbell, who was connected with the school almost from its foundation till his death—have been tended to the same result. The laboratories, dissecting room, lecture halls and all the other apartments are spacious and well equipped. The laboratories are the chemical, the physiological, the pharmacological, the histological, and the pathological, each of which has its own apparatus and instruments. For the study of anatomy, physiology and histology there is no medical school in America that will, when all the arrangements are completed, be more completely adapted. Montreal has long been famous for the high qualifications of its physicians and surgeons, and we need hardly say that McGill comprises its full share of the most distinguished of them.

A PATRICIAN LADY OF VENICE.—This fine picture (one of Cabanel's best works) needs no explanation. The beauty is of that blonde type in which North Italy delights. Expression, pose and costume are all in harmony.

EVENING AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

All golden is the air with sunset glow;
Melodious sounds of evening vibrate down
The quaint and winding street of the old town.
Great creaking wagons, drawn by oxen, go,
Their tedious journey lumbering and slow,
While from the grass the crickets' chirping note
Comes, mingling with the calls from many a throat
Of deep-voiced cattle in the fields below.
Serenely and restfully, like a godly life,
That nears its close, its perfect faith secure,
A life at peace with God, at peace with man,
After the tumult and the busy strife,
And the hot labour of the day are o'er,
This evening beauty soothes as naught else can.

OLIVIA DOUGLAS.

Mr. Henry Sandham has lately painted a portrait which has deservedly won a great deal of praise from the critics and the few others by whom it has been seen. The subject is Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, and it was painted at Ottawa during the summer. It will be hung in the Parliament buildings in that city, and fulfils in a remarkable degree all the requirements of a public portrait of a distinguished man. The Premier has been in office for thirty years, and in the commanding head and figure may be read the success with which he has met and conquered the difficulties in which the Canadian Government is often entangled. Sir John is seated, arrayed in his official costume, decorations, etc., and, in spite of the richness and brilliancy of their effect, the artist has bravely solved the problem of making them entirely subservient to the importance and dignity of the head. The breadth and seriousness of Mr. Sandham's work is making itself felt in portraiture, and it is to be hoped that this fine work may be publicly seen before it leaves Boston.—*Boston Post.*

There are 3,000 medical women in the United States whose incomes range from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. The number is increasing every year, and the supply of "lady doctors" bids fair to be as great as that of the male physicians. Austria is the only civilized country in the world which prohibits women from entering the medical profession. Russia and China permit them, and the Queens of Italy and Roumania employ women physicians. Women are petitioning the Austrian Government to open the doors of its medical colleges to them, and the Empress has been urged to assist. One of the most successful homoeopathic women physicians of the West is Miss Maria McLean, of Helena, Montana, whose income last year was between \$11,000 and \$12,000. She received her medical education in Boston and Berlin.



We read not long since a story of an incident illustrative of the late Sir Frederick Ouseley's munificence. When the late Bishop Gray, metropolitan of South Africa, was seeking help for his church, Sir Frederick, who was at that time somewhat involved in pecuniary difficulties, shrank from the pain that he would give if he sent his friend empty away. Although, therefore, he had no money, he said to the bishop: "I cannot refuse you a trifle. Take the stone in that jewel box and sell it for your mission. Bishop Gray accordingly took it to a jeweller to have it valued and turned into coin of the realm. 'I suppose,' said the jeweller, 'you really are a bishop, but whether or not, this stone is a Persian jewel of rare value.' 'The bishop, of course, had no trouble in proving his identity, and he was astounded at the sum which Sir Frederick's carelessly generous gift was the means of adding to his treasury. It turned out that the stone had belonged to the father of Sir Frederick, who had been British Minister to Persia and was a distinguished Orientalist.

Not only Sir Gore Ouseley, but his brother, Sir William Ouseley, made his mark in that memorable band of English Orientalists of the early years of this century, to whose labours Sir William Jones was the first to give a fruitful impulse. They were both the sons of Ralph Ouseley, the member of a family originally from Northamptonshire, but of which a branch had settled in Ireland, partly in Wexford, partly in Limerick. The famous Gideon Ouseley, who did so much to spread John Wesley's reform in Ireland, was nearly related to the brothers.

Of Sir William's oriental studies, one of the most important results was his edition of "The Oriental Geography of Ebn Haukal, an Arabian Traveller of the Tenth Century," published in London in 1800. It gives the Persian version and a translation, and is of considerable interest and value to one reading the works of early western travellers, such as Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville. The portions relating to the great cities of Central Asia, long since fallen from their high estate, are especially instructive.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—Apropos of a paragraph in last "Red and Blue Pencil," allow me to say that in the Warwickshire speech, which is my mother tongue, *Rail* was always pronounced *Rail* among the educated as well as the uneducated classes. It may be that a later generation has adopted the newer pronunciation of *Rail*, but I know no other than the older one, which was particularly impressed on my mind by the reading of a favourite book, "Ralph Gemmel," among tales of the Scottish Covenanters.

Can any of your readers inform us of the Scottish pronunciation of the word fifty years ago?

Yours, faithfully,

S. A. CURTIS.

In the poetical preface to her "Coming of the Princess and other Poems," Mrs. Kate Seymour McLean uttered this prophecy:

"Oh! Poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door,
Even so my song shall melt into the air
And die and be no more.

But thou shalt live, part of the nation's life,
The world shall hear thy voice,
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice."

This patriotic prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled within the last few years. A generation ago Heavyside and Sangster were quoted in English and American magazines and journals (the former with rare praise in the *North British Review*), but the momentary enthusiasm passed away and an interval of reaction followed. Now, however, the interest in our literature—our poetry especially—has received an impetus which promises to be lasting. Some time ago we had the pleasure of quoting some laudatory comments on the "Songs of the Great Dominion," that had appeared in the English press. In a recent number of the *Athenaeum* we find an appreciative review of

"Among the Millet," by Archibald Lampman, and of "La Légende d'un Peuple," by Louis Fréchet.

The following introductory comments of the reviewer on the scenery and history of Canada will be welcome to our readers:

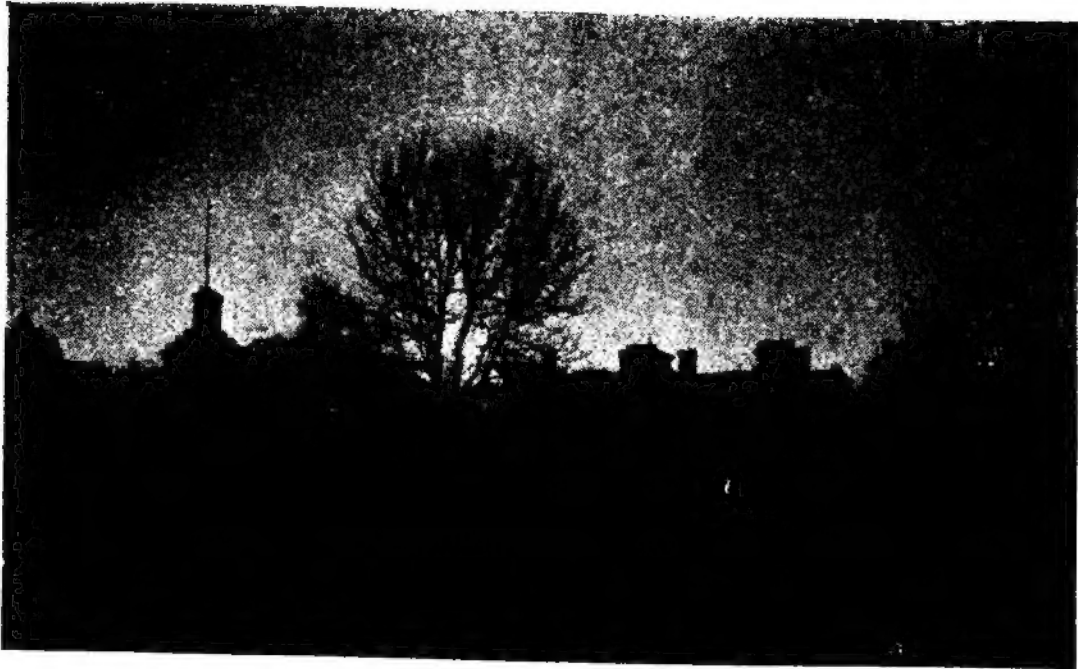
Probably Canada takes precedence among all our colonies for romantic history. For generations two great nations were in conflict among its forests and upon its lakes and rivers for a supremacy which even now, in a great portion of the country, is not definitely settled. Then it has its older history; the period when the pioneers, French and English, strove with, conquered, mixed with, and gradually absorbed or drove westward the powerful Huron, Iroquois, and Algonquin races, when red and white fought for years the foredoomed battle of civilized energy against savage man. And a yet more ancient background lies behind: for no land in the Americas, with the exception of Mexico and Peru, has such a hold upon the imagination as have those northern tracts which legend says were once ruled by a fair-skinned autochthonous race, in the days when, as some of the confused Algonquin folk tales still clearly enough indicate, it was "always summer" in the far Polar North. Its cities, its towns, have more than any others in North America, a picturesque time-hallowed beauty all their own. Even in the Old World there are no towns so fortunate, in the æsthetic and historic glamour that abides upon them, as Quebec.

Mr. William Sharp, for it is he who writes thus, then expresses surprise at the long-continued silence in these prairies and forests of ours, as in the groves of old—silence only broken now and then by a potent voice. But of late there have been signs of change, and they are especially promising among the later comers in the choir. Prof. Roberts, Mr. Lampman and Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Sharp pronounces the ablest among the younger poets in either Canada or America. "The eldest of these," he continues, "Charles G. D. Roberts, is a poet of exceptional promise; in one, moreover, whose work is already remarkable, particularly his most recent studies in what, for lack of a better phrase, may be termed the higher realism. Mr. Lampman comes next, with his noteworthy volume *Among the Millet*. Mr. Bliss Carman, whose verse has not yet been collected in book-form, is in some respects the most individual artist of the three, though his longer poems occasionally suffer in parts from a baleful obscurity. Perhaps no one of these poets has the keen, though intermittent and strangely unequal, imaginative fervour of the late Isabella Valancy Crawford, with whose death passed away one fair hope for Canadian literature.

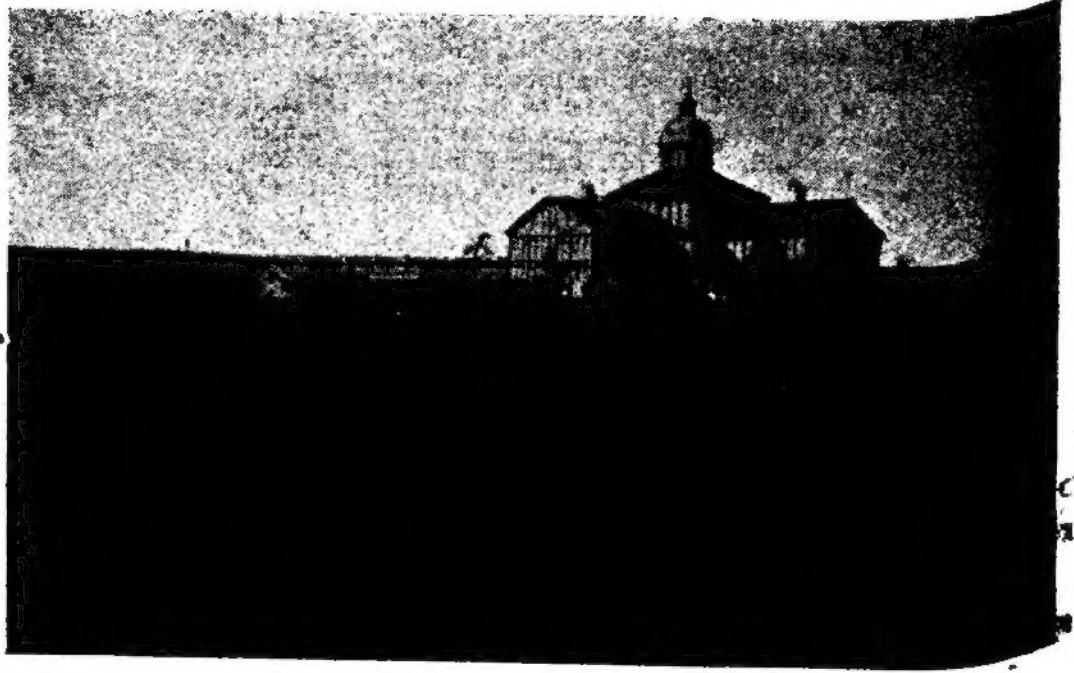
Mr. Sharp, nevertheless, gives to the French pre-eminence in Canadian poetry. Quoting Jules Claretie, he, in the main, agrees with him in his judgment of Mr. Fréchet, whom he deems without question the foremost living French Canadian poet. He thinks, notwithstanding, that he "may lack that quality of serene reserve which placed his predecessor, Octave Crémazie, in the front rank." In his great patriotic epic he "has done what no Anglo-Canadian poet has attempted to do." Mr. Sharp's criticism is all the more valuable that he does not indulge in indiscriminate praise. Commendation, coming with such authority, is sure to have a wholesome quickening influence on our native singers.

CANADA'S "SOO" CANAL.

The Dominion Government is constructing a \$3,000,000 canal on the Canadian side of Sault Ste. Marie. In two years more Canada will have an independent route from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic seaboard. The "Soo" canal will rank with its namesake on the American side. The engineers are overcoming great obstacles and deserve no ordinary praise for the boldness of their design. The canal is to extend across St. Marie Island in St. Mary's river. Its length will be 3,500 feet. The canal proper is to consist of a channel way, massive pier work at both entrances, and a lifting and guaging lock. The prism of the canal will be sunk to a depth of eight feet below the lowest known stages of the river above and below the guard-lock. The summit level will possess a mean width of 150 feet, or a bottom width of 145 feet, the sectional area of water being 2,700 square feet. The plans provide for a lock 600 feet long between its gates, with a mean width of eighty-five feet in the chamber, diminishing at both ends, but on opposite sides, to a mean width of sixty feet at the gates. The walls will form a height of 41½ feet. The gates are to be opened by hydraulic power nearly similar to that used on the American side; but the mode of filling and emptying the lock will be different. A trench will also be built on both sides of the canal for its full length down to the level of the bottom and will be fitted with puddle up to the water surface. The contractors are Messrs. Hugh and John Ryan and Messrs. Allan & Fleming, of Toronto and Ottawa.



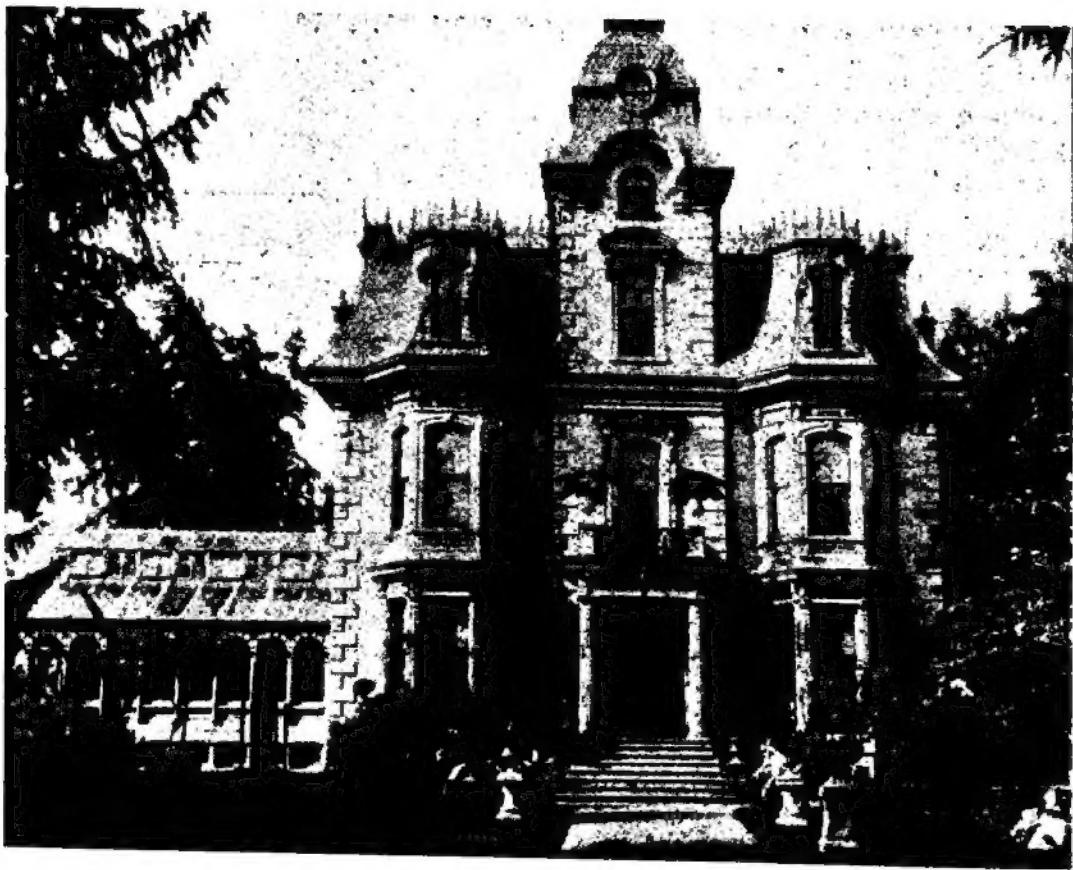
DUNDURN CASTLE.



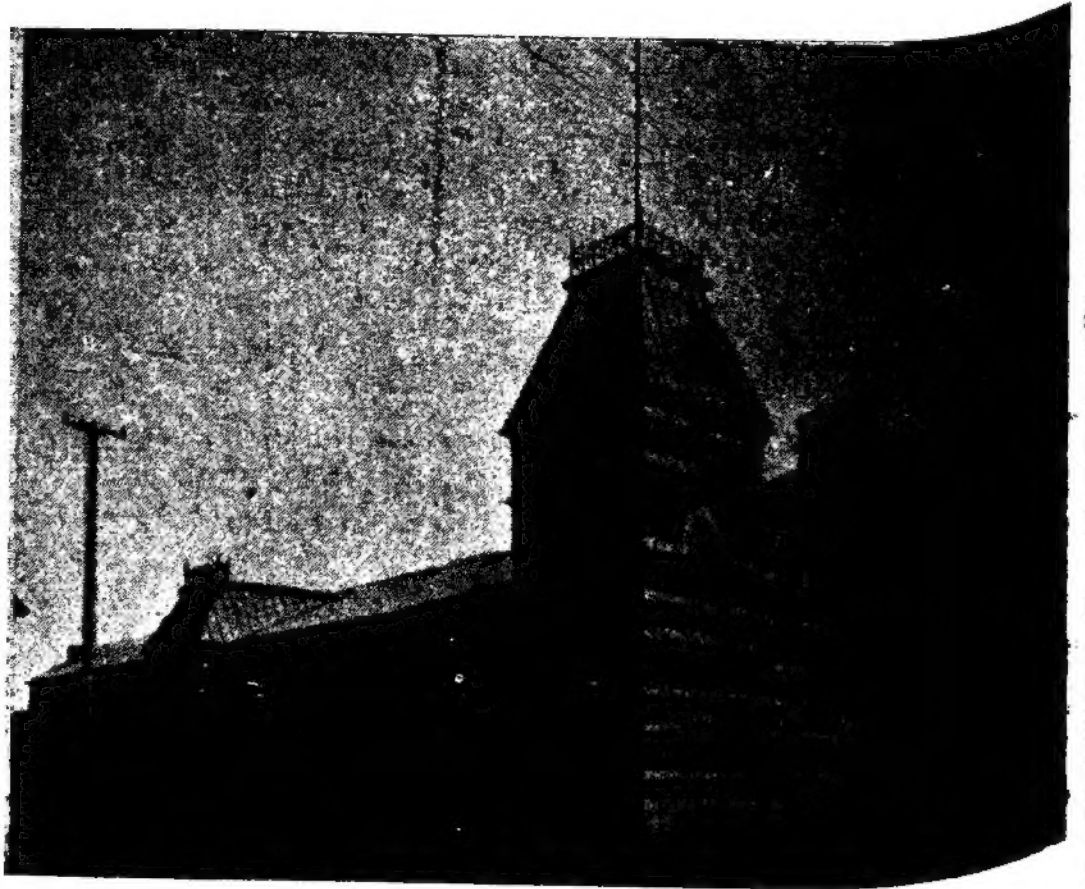
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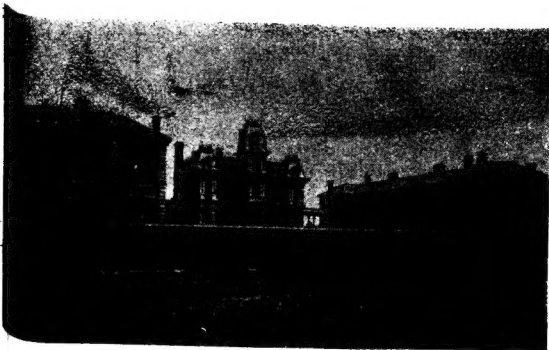
GENERAL VIEW OF HAMILTON



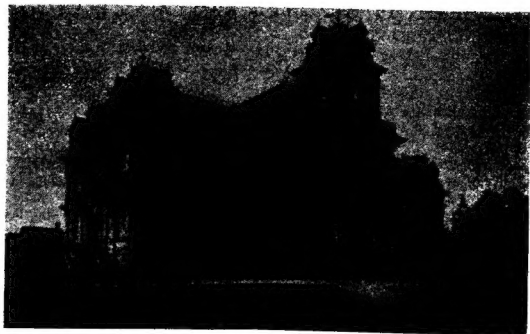
HON. W. E. SANFORD'S RESIDENCE.



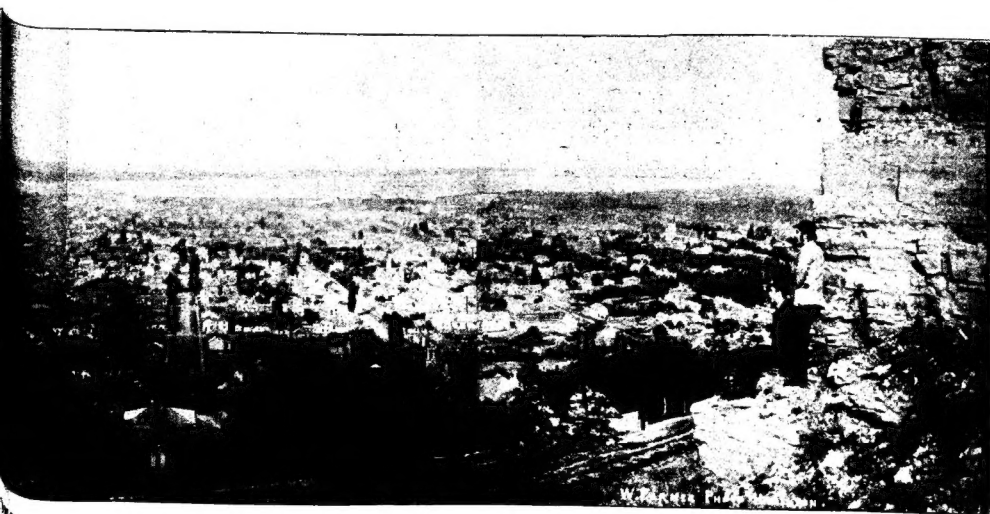
DRILL HALL.



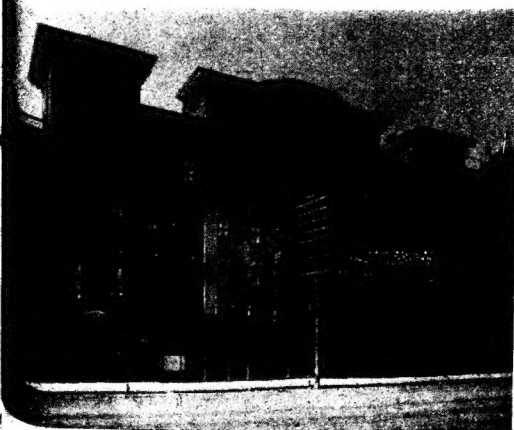
HOSPITAL.



COURT HOUSE.



FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



LADIES' COLLEGE.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Until after her son's departure in search of his misguided brother, Mrs. Hewit had managed to conceal the agitation that was consuming her from observation, but no sooner was she alone than she became a prey to the most harrowing forebodings. She had dispatched a messenger with a letter to Emily Howis asking for news of William, and begging her by all that was sacred to keep him from compromising himself with the Government; but although the letter had been couched in the most delicate terms and breathed a strain of almost angelic tenderness, the haughty beauty had not honoured it even by a verbal reply. The messenger, however, brought rumours back with him that William had been dismissed, and that Miss Howis was accepting the attentions of Mr. Bertram, a gentleman of means in the neighbourhood and a captain of militia. Such news only added fuel to the fire of dread anxiety on her son's account that Mrs. Hewit was enduring. Moreover she knew something of Mr. Bertram, and in common with Dr. Leslie, Mr. Samos, and others, did not believe him worthy of the esteem of any honourable person. That such a man should be the rival of her son, even in the affections of a girl like Emily Howis, rankled deeply. And when Dr. Leslie and his daughter rode over in the afternoon after the day of Harry's departure they found her in such a state of nervous excitement that they offered to remain with her for a day or two. The offer was gladly accepted, for Mrs. Hewit and Dr. Leslie were old and tried friends, and to him the poor lady felt she could unburden her mind and receive the consoling balm of sympathy. That evening they held a long conversation apart, during which Mrs. Hewit expressed the warmest love for Harry, and her belief that he would come out unscathed from all the difficulties which surrounded him, since his principles were founded on truth and righteousness, and his mind was upright and generous. Her uneasiness and solicitude were great on William's behalf. He had disappointed her in every particular. Her judgment could not approve the choice his affections had made; and he had shown that his principles were weak, since they had been biased by the influence of others, and not based upon the calm conviction of his own judgment. The terrible fate that had overtaken Frank Arnley, whom she dearly loved, overwhelmed her with sorrow, though she had not the slightest doubt of Harry's ability to prove himself guiltless in the matter. The state of the country, too, agitated her deeply, and it required all Dr. Leslie's ability to soothe her and quiet her apprehensions of evil to the lad she loved with the fervour of a warm heart and native blood. So long, indeed, did the mutual conference continue, that Miss Leslie, who had retired to another parlour, began to think her hostess had forgotten her.

When at length Dr. Leslie and Mrs. Hewit joined her, and tea was brought in, Alice was much pleased to find her old friend had become composed and more like herself. The conversation had grown animated and almost gay, when suddenly the trampling of hoofs struck upon their ears.

"God grant it is my boys!" cried Mrs. Hewit, rushing to the door. Dr. Leslie and Alice joined her, and all were speculating as to who the rider might be when he came in view, riding at a tremendous pace. He did not slacken rein, but as he passed the house, shouted in a stentorian voice, "Toronto is taken! the Government is defeated!" Short as was the announcement, it fell like an ice-bolt upon the heart of Mrs. Hewit. She staggered and would have fallen had not Dr. Leslie supported her. Water was brought, and after a time she recovered from the swoon, but was so weak that she was carried to her room, where she grew so much worse that Dr. Leslie dispatched a messenger for Dr. Pearson.

Toward morning Mrs. Hewit fell into a quiet slumber from which she awoke at noon much refreshed. The two medical men, however, agreed that perfect quiet was absolutely necessary, since the care and anxiety of the preceding days had injured her nerves to such an extent that the slightest shock might prove fatal.

During the afternoon Mrs. Hewit insisted on rising and joining her friends in the parlour. Taking a chair near the window, while a large wood fire crackled and flashed, and diffused cheerfulness and genial warmth throughout the apartment, she joined slightly in the conversation, and the gentle Alice hovered around her intent on ministering to her needs both of mind and body. The invalid smiled upon the loving girl whom she hoped some day soon to call daughter, and expressed by the eloquence of her eyes the comfort she derived from her presence.

The party were suddenly alarmed by an exclamation from Mrs. Hewit. She had started to her feet and was regarding some object in the road with dilating eye and parted lips.

"It is! It is!" cried the unhappy mother; "they have killed my boy! Yonder comes his horse riderless!"

Trembling in every limb, Alice sprang to the window as the horse dashed through the gate, and with a loud whinneying ran up the walk to the steps of the veranda. He was covered with foam and gave evidence of severe usage.

"They have killed him!—My Harry!—O my unhappy boys! O Harry, Harry, it was I who sent you to your fate. You may thank your miserable mother for this!" Then, with a sudden change of tone, she cried, "How could they! how could they! he so brave—so gentle—and he was only trying to save his brother."

Dr. Leslie tried to calm her by telling her that without doubt the horse had broken away, and that Harry was probably near at hand. The poor lady refused all comfort and continued wringing her hands in extremity of woe, and sighing heavily until again she fainted and was carried to her room. It soon became evident that the end was come; opiates ceased to have any effect, and the constant sighing of the sufferer drew tears from all who watched in that darkened room. Several neighbours and friends had been notified of the dangerous condition of Mrs. Hewit, and together with Dr. Leslie, Alice, Dr. Pearson, and the faithful servants of the family, shared the last sad watch. For some time the breathing had been growing less and less regular, the spirit seemed to hover upon the close-drawn lips, and the gentle eyes had closed. At length, with a soft sigh, the life departed, and the spirit went to join the angel choir above.

At that dread moment there arose from the yard the sound of a man running as for dear life.

"It must be poor Harry," cried Dr. Leslie; "meet him, Pearson, and break the news." But instantly the door of the chamber was thrown open, and William Hewit stood before the assembled company—a spectre of his former self. What a change a few short days had made in the once handsome and happy youth! Pale, wild-eyed, the blood flowing among his hair from a wound upon his forehead, his dress disordered and his whole appearance haggard to the last degree, the miserable man staggered forward to the bedside crying

"Too late! too late! I have killed her! Killed my mother! O mother! mother! Forgive—forgive your wretched son!"

Silence reigned in the room of death save the sobs, deep and convulsive, of the penitent son. For awhile he was allowed to indulge his heart-rending grief. Then the two doctors whispered together, and Pearson, laying his hand gently on the miserable man's shoulder, motioned him from the room.

Edwards met them on the stairs.

"You are in danger, Mr. Hewit," he said; "Captain Bertram and some men have just passed swearing they would have you before you reached home. I told them you had not come."

"You must not lose a moment, my friends," said Dr. Pearson, "they will be back at once. But just

tell me the facts: Has there been fighting and what is the result?"

"There was a fight, or rather a rout, at Montgomery's. The Government is victorious," said William.

"And you have ridden hither since my poor boy?" enquired the doctor, forgetting all anger in his pity.

"I rode till I killed my horse about a mile down the road, and ran the rest of the way. Half a mile from Montgomery's poor crazy Helen met me and told me that my mother was dying, and that I had killed her. O God, I know it now but too well! My fate was with the fugitives across the lines, but I could not go without asking her forgiveness—and now I shall never have it. O miserable man that I am!"

"That is where you must go at once, Mr. Hewit. Your life is not worth a moment's purchase if Bertram or his men get hold of you," said Dr. Pearson.

"Must I? Must I leave the dear ashes to be laid at rest by others?" cried William in anguish.

"You must indeed!" replied Dr. Pearson. "Take a friend's advice for once. Here is my purse. You can pay me at any time. But go—go!"

"I will," said the unhappy man. "Would that the bullet had killed instead of only scratching me; for what is my life worth?"

With friendly care Dr. Pearson had dressed the wound on William's forehead while he had been speaking, and literally pushed him out of doors. One glance at the room where lay the dear remains, and the once happy William Hewit left the home of his childhood for ever, a fugitive and an outlaw.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNDECEIVED.

The fugitive's path lay by the residence of Howis.

"I will see Emily once more if only to acquaint her with the ruin of all her grand plans, and with the death of my mother."

Self-deceiving still, William Hewit would not acknowledge to himself that he wished to obtain a promise from Miss Howis to follow him into exile, as she had promised to do times without number, should need be. Weak man! his trials were thickening. He had yet to learn that he had been made the dupe of a calculating, cold-hearted girl, a tool to be used as long as useful, and then to be cast aside with scorn. He entered the house without rapping, and, turning into the familiar parlour, became witness of a scene that sent the blood from his heart in cold chills to rush back like molten lead.

There seated by the same table on which not a month before he had signed the fatal roll while Emily Howis hung over him, her soft breath fanning his cheek, sat Bertram with Emily leaning her head upon his shoulder:—

"And you promise to be my wife as soon as the present stir is over, my darling?" Bertram was saying. "You know my heart was in the cause all through, but my position forbade me to espouse it openly. If it had been successful, I would soon have thrown off all disguise, but now it is all over, and what is the use? You promise?" he continued.

"I do," said Emily, without a smile; and, looking up, she saw William Hewit standing in the doorway.

"False girl!" he cried, "Is this the requital for all I have suffered?"

For an instant Miss Howis flushed scarlet, but, immediately regaining her wonted composure, answered in scornful tones:

"So, Mr. Hewit, you are at home again—a good soldier truly! You fly at the first sign of danger, and then have no more manners than to turn listener. There is the door, sir. I cannot tolerate the presence of a coward."

Before William could reply, Bertram recovered his self-possession, which had been somewhat shaken by the apparition of his injured rival. He was a powerful, coarse, vulgar man, whose appointment to the captaincy of a militia company had

disgusted all: the men under him more than any. He now rose and in pompous tones shouted:

"Ha—ho, my good fellow! it is you, it is! You are my prisoner, and shall hang, traitor that you are."

"Traitor, indeed," ejaculated Hewit bitterly, but an honest man than you, Captain Bertram. I, at least, have acted openly, while you, by your own confession, are a sneak and a traitor too.

"Come, come!" cried Bertram, ruffling up, "none of your high airs here, fellow! Surrender quietly or I'll wing you." And as he spoke he drew a pistol from his belt and fired it at Hewit. William had anticipated the act and his pistol was already in his hand, as, springing to one side, he avoided the aim of his antagonist.

"And now it's my turn, Mr. Bertram," he cried, walking close up. Miss Howis had flown at the first appearance of a quarrel, shouting in vain for help. Bertram grew deadly pale and raised his hands as though in supplication as he met the stern and unrelenting gaze of Hewit.

"I cannot kill you—wretch though you are," said William, "but we shall meet again some day," and he discharged his pistol at the ceiling.

"Ha—ha," shouted Bertram, finding himself out of danger, "take that!" and he aimed a heavy blow at William which he only partially parried. Springing forward, he seized Bertram by the throat. Both were powerful men and a fierce struggle ensued, but William was desperate, and as the thought of how he had been duped and deceived ran through his mind, his strength seemed to double and his grip upon his adversary's throat became so deadly that the man was unable to articulate and fell senseless to the floor.

For an instant William regarded him with dismay, but the sound of advancing steps warned him to be gone. Daring through the door, he paused not until he fell exhausted in his own house. As soon as he recovered himself he made some hasty arrangements with his man, ordered his horse, and wrote a letter to Harry imploring his forgiveness for all the misfortunes he had brought upon the family. He did not attempt to excuse himself, and requested Harry to take his affairs in hand, and if his property were not confiscated, to settle and keep it in his own possession. Scarcely had he finished when his man brought his horse to the door and shouted to him to come quickly as a body of men were advancing up the road. Giving the man the letter for Harry, and telling him his cottage was to be his own in return for his faithfulness. William mounted and was scarcely out of sight when a party of militia arrived in search of him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABDUCTION OF ALICE LESLIE.

Dr. Leslie and his daughter remained at the house of death until all necessary arrangements had been attended to, and they could be of no more service. They departed from that once happy home with heavy hearts and their ride was a silent one, for each was too sorrowful for words. Alice wept for the loss of a beloved and valued friend, and for the sorrow that had fallen on one who was very dear to her, dearer now than ever, since he had now neither mother nor brother to share his grief. She had also become very anxious on Harry's account since William's appearance at home, and wondered what had detained him. She ventured the question to her father.

"Poor fellow," said the doctor, "no doubt he is still searching for his unfortunate brother. His mother's loss will be a severe blow to him: we must do our utmost to console him. Tell me, my child, is there any understanding between you. Do not fear to make your father your confidant, for what do I live for but your welfare and happiness."

"There was a conditional promise on my part, dear father," replied Alice simply, "if Harry obtained your consent. But since the disappearance of Frank Armeley he has released me from all obligations."

"He is worthy of his name. Hewit has always been synonymous with honour since I knew the family, and if he succeeds in clearing up this affair concerning young Armeley, he shall have my consent for the asking."

Alice did not reply; her heart was too full of love and gratitude.

As they entered the house, the housekeeper met them, and after expressing her joy at their return, requested an interview with Dr. Leslie at once. The news she had for him was that both Egan and Todd had been twice at the house that very evening enquiring for Dr. Leslie, and that Egan had been drinking and had alarmed her by his rude and unbecoming conduct.

Dr. Leslie's countenance grew troubled, and he replied:

"The country is in a very disturbed state, Mrs. Tist, and some extra defence shall be provided. I do not see what these men can want about my place, but do not be under further apprehension, for I am not likely to be called away from home at present, and if these fellows come to the door again call me at once."

At that moment there was a piercing scream in the hall. As Alice had entered the house she had proceeded at once to her room, after shaking hands with the housekeeper. Finding little Walter in a sound sleep, she had remained a while to gaze on his infantile beauty, and then, candlestick in hand, descended to the hall. As she crossed it she was suddenly seized in a pair of powerful arms and carried screaming into the open air, and the detected voice of Egan whispered in her ear, "Now, my beauty, you are mine!"

At the sound of his daughter's shriek Dr. Leslie rushed into the hall in time to see her borne off in the arms of Egan.

Seizing a stick—for he was unarmed—the startled man rushed after the assailant, and was rapidly gaining on him as he made for the shore of the lake, when the shouts of Egan brought old Todd upon the scene, who seeing that Egan was losing ground, raised a pistol and shouting "Now, old man, we'll settle accounts," deliberately fired at Dr. Leslie, who fell to the ground after staggering a few feet, crying "God have mercy on my poor child!"

Seeing him fall as one dead, Todd at once approached and, finding him insensible, robbed him of his watch and purse.

(To be continued.)

SOME QUEER NAMES FOR CHILDREN.

A son is named "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox"; another "Napoleon the Great." A labourer calls his daughter "Lady Elizabeth." There is an instance of a hereditary knighthood or lordship formed in this manner where a father, "Sir Francis" Howard, registers his son anew as "Sir Francis." Charles Hassall, described on the register as a medical herbalist, and presumably as anything we please in real life, comes to his son's assistance with the front names, "Dr. Jervis St. Vincent Beresford." The son of "Horatio Nelson" Baker is named "Ewar, Gladstone." Jewett, a young of sporting proclivities, registers his child "Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward." An innkeeper's son is "Robert Alma Balacava Inckermann Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale." A long name bestowed by a Charlist on his daughter is "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connell Russell Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill." "One Too Many" and "Not Wanted James" are the titles of unfortunate children. "Is it Maria" discloses a parental mystification answered, in the case of the other sex, by "That's It, Who'd Have Thought It." "George Henry" is subsequently prefixed to this absurd string of derivations. The wife of Thomas registers her son as "Young Thomas" and James Stewart calls his son "Young James Gorston." The daughter of John Buckingham Smith is christened "Laughing Waters," which later gives way in the "certificate of namin" to "Minnehaha." "Richard Cour de Lion Tyler Walter Hill" is a further instance of pompous names. Many parents, usually of the lower middle class, find pleasure in giving their children a plurality of names. Brown, a clerk in the Income Tax department, calls his daughter Sarah Jane Mary Ann Emma Elizabeth Caroline Isabella Eliza Martha Catherine Matilda Evelyn Margaret Rosamond. This string is sufficiently lengthy, but Sarah is Brown's outpacer by the twenty-six titles borne by the daughter of Arthur Pepper, a laundryman, whose girl's name is one of the longest, if not the very longest, in existence. Spread out its entire length it runs: Ann Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Tereza Ulvris (sic) Venus Winifred Xenophon Yvett Zeus. She has a name for each letter of the alphabet, and her names, with the exception of the surname, which, of course, is last, are in alphabetical order. She was born in 1883, and if she has not subsided under the weight of her christening she may yet be with us. Frankly, let us not grudge Ann Pepper her good fortune; we cannot attain to it ourselves; we admit as much and yield, for our forbears have neglected us.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE LAMENT OF NEW FRANCE.

VILLE MARIE, SEPT. 8, 1760.

Nouvelle France is wounded, dying, oh! that we should see the day,
Hear the death-knell sadly tolling for a Nation passed away!
Gone are all the dreams of glory, wasted all the toil of years,
For the aliens' yoke is on us, vain a People's bitter tears!
Valiant men and sainted women freely poured their blood and gold;
Reared a home 'mid untraced forests, braving dangers, foes untold:
Savage foes and unmasked traitors; enemies in camp and court;
Grasping greed of haughty placement—caitiff horde of evil sort.

Loyally we served our master, blindly loved a recreant King;
Won him empire wide as ocean, grand as sweep of eagle's wing.
See! the sceptre weakly falling, dropping from a nerveless hand:
Holy Mother! aid thy children, rescue thou thy chosen land!

One by one the gems are dropping from the diadem of France,
Louisburg in fair Acadia, on to Erie's wide expanse,
Ruthless hands despoil and ravage; humbled, crushed, lies proud Quebec,
And our hopes with heroes' life-blood mingle in the awful wreck.

Now the fairest, brightest jewel, Ville Marie, our hope, our pride,
Last and dearest of our treasures, sinking 'neath the swelling tide!
See! the hordes of robber-vultures hovering round with field breath,
Gloating o'er thy dying struggles, grimly waiting for thy death!

East and west and south they gather, as in seed-time swarm the crows;
Thick as whirling leaves in Autumn, fierce as Winter's drifting snows.
Yesterday we watched their camp-fires gleaming bright like myriad stars;
Saw their blood-red banners flaunting, torn and stained with battle's scars.

Scarp and bastion, tower and steeple shone amid the blaze of light:
Grim and silent glowered their cannon, gaping for the morrow's fight.

Hasvilland's and Murray's veterans, Amherst's conquering troops we see
Steadily their lines converging round the walls of Ville Marie.

Rouse ye, sleepers, day is breaking; sound the stirring revell:
Sims of France! the hour awaits ye; heroes ye may be this day!

Strike! as valiant sires have taught ye, though the odds be ten to one:
Man the ramparts, guard the trenches, stand till death or victory's won!

Why this solemn Sabbath stillness? Where the noise of battle's roar?
Not a shot from friend or foe man and ye tell us all is o'er!
Why yon hated ensign flying where our lilies proudly waved?
God! it means 'Capitulation! Empire lost, a Land enslaved!

England! thou art strong, be generous, fate of war has made us thine;
Spurn not thou our vow of fealty sworn before our broken shrine!

Though we cherish shattered memories, precious dreams of glories past,
We are ONE, for bane or blessing, linked to shape a Future vast!

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

RONDEL.

Stout, strong and staid
Should I complain
That thou would'st not change hearts with me?
O ne'er again
Shall I full find
Seek to obtain
The rose of thy virginity.
No. Not again.
For tented plain,
And trumpet strain that blows amain,
The plumes that stream like surf of sea,
The bridle rein,
The hoofs' refrain
These are far more befitting me.

DUPAR, Armiger.



CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY STATION AND YARD, ST. THOMAS, ONT.



THE MEDICAL COLLEGE BUILDING OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.

Henderson, photo.



A PATRICIAN LADY OF VENICE.

From the painting by Alex. Cabanel.

Photo, supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Sauté Photograph Company.



(CONTINUED FROM NO. 75.)

About a week after my visit, Helen came in one day greatly excited.

"What do you think has happened, grandma?"

"Cook has gone," I answered.

"Why, yes. How did you know? Did Charlie mention it?"

"No; but I thought as much."

"Well, I must tell you how it occurred. Yesterday Charlie and I were invited out to tea, but at the last moment I had to let Charlie go alone, as I felt one of my bad headaches coming on. The door had scarcely closed behind him when a terrible hubbub was heard down stairs, and presently the sound of a wild Irish jig, played on a fiddle, was added to the noise. I telephoned to our friend's house and asked them to send Charlie home as soon as he arrived. In the meantime the uproar increased—chairs, tables and dishes seemed to be flying hither and thither. As soon as I heard Charlie's latch-key in the door I ran down stairs and met him in the hall. You should have seen his face when he heard the noise.

"What is it?" he asked, breathless with the haste he had made.

"Oh, it's that dreadful cook," I answered. "She has some people in who have been dancing and making a terrible noise ever since you left."

"He waited to hear no more, but went down stairs. I stayed at the hall door ready to call for assistance. As he opened the kitchen door a terrific crash was heard, which so frightened me that I opened the door and screamed out 'Fire!' 'Murder!' 'Thieves!' thinking that Charlie had been set upon, but I found him standing by the kitchen door laughing. Wonderingly I joined him, and oh! such a scene. The kitchen was in the wildest confusion—chairs, tables and dishes overturned. Black Tom, our cat, was perched on a shelf, with his eyes starting from his head and his tail erect. In the middle of the floor lay the cook, whom Norah and two wild-looking Irishmen were vainly endeavouring to raise. Cook talking all the time at the top of her voice.

"Shure, Pat, be aisy now, a nice partner ye be to let me fall like this."

"Arrah, Bridget, me darlint, shure it was the joy of seeing ye again that made me kind of light-headed."

"Just then the cook saw us and gave a scream, which made the others look round.

"Shure it's the master himself, and didn't I think that you and the Missus was out today?"

"So saying, she scrambled up. Charlie demanded who the men were, and what she meant by making such a noise. They in the meantime had quickly departed.

"It was just a little fun we were having with me two cousins, Pat and Tom," she answered.

"But I thought you said you knew nobody here," said Charlie.

"Shure neither I do. They just arrived from the ould country yesterday."

"Charlie gave her notice to leave the next day. As we came upstairs we were met by a policeman, who had come in by the hall door, which I had left open.

"What do you want?" asked Charlie.

"Your neighbours telephoned to the station that somebody had better come up and look in here as there were queer goings on, judging from the noises they had heard."

"Charlie was dreadfully annoyed and said the whole thing would be in the papers, and then scolded me for taking a girl without recommendations. I can assure you, grandma, the next one will have to have good references."

Shortly after I left home to pay a long-promised visit. Several months passed, during which I heard only twice from Charlie. I wondered at this, as he was usually a good correspondent. I, therefore, decided to hasten my return, as I began to feel anxious about the two and their trial at housekeeping. I determined to say nothing about my arrival, but surprise them with a visit. As I set off the next afternoon of my return I could not but wonder how I should find things. I was shown into the drawing-room, which was so dark that the first thing I did was to stumble over a stool. My next achievement was to knock over a vase filled with artificial flowers, not that I could make out what it was till afterwards. Dear me, I thought, I do not remember all these things around the last time I was here. At last I reached a chair and sank gladly into it.

"Why, grandma, is it really you? When did you return?"

"If you will open the blinds so we may see one another I will tell you, and at the same time find out what damage I have done."

Great was my astonishment when she did so to see the change that had taken place in her pretty drawing-room. No wonder I had knocked over the things. There was scarcely room to walk because of the various articles scattered around. Helen laughed as she noticed my surprised look.

"The fact is, grandma, Mrs. Ross, a friend of mind, was always telling me of the great bargains she made at sales, so I thought I would go with her to see what I could do. Just look at all these lovely things, perfectly good and just about half price."

"Well, Helen," I said, as I looked at the heterogeneous collection, "from the appearance of things, I should say you had been at a good many sales with your friend, Mrs. Ross."

"Now confess, grandma, that you think my drawing-room looks much nicer than when you saw it last?"

"Candid opinion, Helen?"

"Yes, candid opinion."

"Then I think you have destroyed the prettiness of your room by crowding so much furniture into it. Besides, bargains or no bargains, you really did not require the things, and might have made other use of your money."

"Just what Charlie said; but, then, men never do understand these things, and seem to think women go to sales simply from the love of spending money. No matter how beautiful the article may be you bring home, ask them to guess what you have paid for it, and they are sure to say some ridiculously low sum, and when you tell them the price, they declare, in a most provoking way, that you have been 'taken in.' But come up stairs, I have more things to show you. Now look at this handsome wardrobe. You could not get it under \$75, and I paid a mere trifle for it. There were some other things I wanted, but Charlie refused to let me attend any more sales. Mrs. Ross said 'it was too bad,' just as I was getting into the way of buying."

"But, Helen, I thought Mr. Ross failed some time ago?"

"Oh, yes! In fact, I believe he has failed several times, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. I must tell you some of my experience at sales. At first it seemed strange to see so many women bidding, and the scant courtesy they showed to one another. I thought I would never be able to call out as they did. But you soon get accustomed to it, and you get so excited that you bid higher than perhaps you intended. However, that is only sometimes. We had quite a scene once. A lady had been bidding on a very handsome bedroom set, and when at last it was knocked down to her after a close contest, she went into hysterics and said she dare not take it for her husband would be so angry. The auctioneer, however, insisted upon her having it. But she begged so hard that he would help her out of her difficulty, that he consented to put the article up again, 'though,' said he, 'if it goes for less than it went before, you must make up the difference.' To this she agreed, and her purse was much the lighter for the transaction. When I told Charlie about it, he very unfeelingly said, 'It serves her right?' The chair you are sitting on I got at a sale. Do you see anything remarkable about it?"

"No," I answered. "It is a comfortable chair, but quite an ordinary one."

"And yet," continued Helen, "after I had bought it, a lady came up and begged me very hard to sell it to her. She not only came once, but four times. Of course it made me think all the more of the chair. Finally, she got angry and said she had a right to it, as she had sat on it the whole time thinking to secure it. But here comes Charlie, I will tell you more some other time, for he cannot hear the name of sales."

(To be continued.)

DESDEMONA DARE.

A SKETCH.

"I wonder the waters don't weary," said the girl. She and her companion, a tall, fair-haired man in flannels, had been watching the flow of the rapids in silence for the space of a moment or so, at least her gaze had been on the seething waters, while his eyes were feasting on the fresh beauty of her fair face. She was decidedly "petite," and so well proportioned as to appear even smaller than she was in reality; her hair that pale golden brown so seldom seen; it grew in quantities, too, and was braided into innumerable tight plaits closely coiled round her head.

"So much has been and gone since then, and it all ends in—dust."

She pointed with her long parasol to the date cut in the stone above the entrance of the old Fort, "1711."

To this charming little French village, Chambly, Desdemona Dare had been brought by her aunt, her mother's sister, a vigorous minded American, who, having no husband and children to bestow her energies upon, passed different periods of her life in following different hobbies. This was an Indian epoch, and so in this place, so full of historical reminiscences of her present favourite, Mrs. Smart had determined to spend some weeks of the summer. Desdemona had rebelled at first; she did not look forward with any hilarity to passing the gayest time of the seaside season in a paltry village amongst live Frenchmen and dead Indians! But when her aunt had won her way and metaphorically carried her off, and established themselves in the smallest of small white cottages on the lake shore, Desdemona had to own it was not at all what she had expected, it was—perfect!

She could not do anything but cry, "lovely! lovely!" when after disembarking from the train and walking a short distance down a narrow street, the lake burst upon her view in all its beauty.

It was a July evening, and the water was calm and clear as a mirror, while the air was full of the delicious sound of distant rushing waters—the Richelieu surges!—the dark blue mountains in the background break what would otherwise be a level, low country; a row of tall dark pine trees at the point where the lake once more becomes the Richelieu river, stand like a line of soldiers, sentinels over Belœil! So Desdemona in that first moment thought. Her aunt was standing in evident admiration before a bronze, life-sized statue of Colonel de Salaberry, 'the hero of Chateauguay,' which occupied the centre of a very diminutive and newly-made park.

"Such a brave man, my dear! such a brave man!" putting on her gold-rimmed spectacles the better to view him.

"Can't you imagine, Desdemona, how, on a holiday, the people flock here to do homage to the image of one who did so much for them and their country, and such a handsome man, too."

"The grass doesn't give evidence of any homage; it is quite undisturbed; and I—if I came here, it would be to gather daisies."

As Desdemona spoke, she stooped and broke off some of the slender-stalked, yellow-edged things, and slipped them through her belt.

"You have no soul, Desdemona, no soul."

"Soul is merely cultivation, Aunty; consider me an Indian and admire me in my uncultured state."

Miss Stuart smiled grimly. She was very fond of her niece. Desdemona always gave her a keen sense of her own superiority; some women can only care for those whom they consider their inferiors in mind. While her aunt hunted about for historical facts, finding, in truth, only one man who knew anything of the interesting past, and he knew so much as to give even Miss Stuart a turn of mental asphyxia, Desdemona enjoyed herself in a very different way. The interior of the Fort held no fascination for her, she said; nothing remained but the walls; these had been recently repaired, as the inscription at the entrance testified. There was in the interior a miscellaneous collection of curiosities, Indian and otherwise; over these Miss Stuart posed with unfeigned delight, while Desdemona would betake herself to the water's edge and sit on one of the lowest stones and dream the sweet dreams of girlhood.

One morning these dreamings were interrupted; a young man in white flannels stepped down over the stones to her side, hat in hand, and addressed her.

"I have just left your aunt, Miss Stuart; she gave me permission to present myself to you; I suppose I should have waited for a formal opportunity, but I don't believe in ever losing time."

Desdemona smiled brightly up at him; his hat was still in his hand, and the sun shone on his golden hair and made it a glory; she noticed him in a vague sort of way, and that his eyes were dark blue and merry, but what struck her forcibly was the expression about his mouth.

"I can't make it out," she thought to herself, "but I don't like it." Then she spoke:

"I assure you Aunty is generally very strict; you must not judge her by this concession; probably, you mustn't mind, but probably she wanted to get rid of you, so sent you on to me."

"And I suppose you want to get rid of me and will send me on too; but if I go further it will be to the fishes."

"You may be some Triton, for all I know."

"I may stay?"

"Oh! yes; I am glad you came just when the atmosphere of ages was pressing upon me, and I was beginning to believe him! Everything! even I! mere unreality! it is rather a pleasant sensation when one can master it, but when it masters you —"

She paused and shivered.

"Anyhow, I am real."

He slipped down on to the stone beside her, and in doing so his hand came in contact with hers; a sense of delirious joy shot through her being; she had never felt so before and it had silenced her.

"You don't know my name yet. Miss Dare; you see, I have the advantage over you."

"Have I titles names; you know you have not denied that you are one."

"If I were one I would wish you to be a mermaid."

"What! and have my poor little feet curled into a horrid scaly tail?"

"It would be a pity." He bent forward to look at her "poor little feet"; they were certainly little, and more certainly pretty; he put his hand for one moment across them, and again that strange electrical thrill shot through Desdemona's veins.

"They are too small to be anything but feet; the tail would be a failure."

"Let us come back to sense," said Desdemona, with a sudden change to coldness, and a slight withdrawal from his side.

"Do you like my name," you know the first English settlers in America were Dares."

He didn't know, but he said "yes."

"Auntie has a theory that all people of the same name are related; it is rather an uninteresting theory, but then theories are always that."

Again he said "yes." He was not following her at all; he was thinking how wonderfully bright and winning she was; the thought showed in his eyes and he seemed about to speak.

"Tell me your name now," she went on hurriedly.

"Carey—what do you think of that?"

"Carey; it has a soft pleasing sound. If I were a Swinburne I would immediately find a rhyme for it, as it is —"

"As it is —?" he queried.

"I like it," she spoke dreamily, softly; then in a moment she was a different creature; fire came to her eyes; every line of her body seemed to speak of suppressed action; this was one of her peculiarities, this sudden transformation from dreaminess to life, and it was bewildering, dazzling!

"I think," she said, "as we are such utter strangers we would get on better together if each of us gave a short biographical sketch of ourselves."

He smiled. "My name is Carey, as you know; my godfather and godmother are responsible for endowing me with the christian name of Walter; I have been brought up to no profession, simply because my father wished me to be a doctor, and my mother wished me to live on my means: I detested the thought of being a doctor, I prefer killing on a larger scale, killing time, in fact; that is my profession."

"One overstocked, I should fancy."

Desdemona spoke coldly; his words had given her a chill.

"We, my aunt and I, live in the States,"—she paused, expecting, hoping, he would wish her, ask her to be more minute, but as he said nothing, she went on:

"My father and mother died when I was quite small, fortunately, auntie was fond of me, and more fortunately, my father had amassed a large fortune; he made it in pork—it's so strange, I never see a pig without thinking of papa."

Walter Carey laughed.

"Don't; don't," cried the girl; "I did not say it as something funny, something to be laughed at; but the ridiculous follows one's thoughts and feelings so closely, I always see the ridiculous, don't you?"

Walter Carey could not say that he did; he saw a joke when there was one, but it was always plainly a joke to him; there was no mixture of pathos; his nature was not of the highly-strung sensitive sort that sees many sides in a flash of time.

"You haven't told me your object in life yet. Miss Dare."

"Oh, mine; to be happy."

"I should have imagined your profession otherwise: to make people unhappy."

Again that strange chill struck her spirit: when she spoke it was not to allude to his remarks.

"My baptismal name is Desdemona: Auntie bestowed it upon me, poetry was her hobby at the time of my birth; I must be forever grateful to

Providence that I was born in her poetical period; fancy, if I had been born now, or her hobbies had come in different succession, I might have been condemned to the short and euphonious appellation of 'Slap-her-on-the-back,' or 'Hit-her-on-the-shoulder.'"

They both laughed; afterwards there was a silence, and then it was they reached the remarks first recorded.

"I don't so much mind being dust in the end, if before I come to that delightful state of nothingness I have had my fun."

"But do you think we die like—like dogs?"

"Most men live like dogs."

"How can you say such horrible things; what do you mean?"

Did you never in your younger days read the old fable about the dog and the shadow?"

He was smiling quietly under his golden moustache: "Most men want more than one bone—that is all I meant."

"What do you call bones?"

"Well—not bones."

He laughed again. His was a very merry and infectious laugh; it infected Desdemona; she had to drop her horror and join in his merriment.

"Don't you think the lake looks tempting for a paddle this morning; won't you come for one, Miss Dare?"

"What; without auntie?"

"Three's a crowd."

"But I thought men liked more than one bone."

She said this airily, and sprang up as she said it, showing her objection had been merely a momentary one.

He helped her very carefully into the light canoe, cushioned in crimson, and then took his place, and lifted the paddle in the air—a slight push: a stroke; and they were off.

Desdemona dragged her hand through the water like a delighted child, holding it up to let the clear drops splash from the tips of her fingers into the lake again.

"Do you know this is the first time I have ever been in a canoe: I believe I am something of a coward about the water."

"But you are not afraid now?" He bent forward the better to meet her eyes; there was a caress in the movement.

"No; I am not afraid now."

What a morning it was. There were just enough soft white clouds in the sky to curtain the sun from their bright eyes now and then; a slight breeze sprang up from the west and stirred the water, so that it sounded in soft splashes against the boat. It brought the sound of the Angelus to their ears and made them know it was time to turn homeward.

When they reached the shore beneath the bank at the small white cottage they found Miss Stuart awaiting them with an opera glass in her hand.

"Gracious! child. I have been so scared I couldn't do anything but watch you; how could you trust yourself in that shell of a thing, and in such a gale, too?"

Walter hastened to calm her.

"I assure you this breeze is nothing, and my boat's perfectly safe; I would not have persuaded Miss Dare to come for a paddle otherwise."

Now that her niece was safely on shore, Miss Stuart's objections to boating vanished, as is so often the case with needlessly nervous people.

"It was perfectly delicious on the water and I'm going out again to-morrow."

Desdemona was radiant from the pleasure of the paddle—"and I'm perfectly ravenous, auntie."

"Dinner is on the table, dear; won't you join us, Mr. Carey, at our frugal meal?"

"Thanks, but I must take my canoe back to the boathouse; I will see you again soon though." He lifted his hat and disappeared down the bank.

Miss Stuart caught hold of Desdemona and shook her in pretended displeasure as soon as they got into the house.

"Now, Desdemona, if you are up to any of your old tricks I will get mad, real mad this time. How long is it since you refused that nice young Morton? How long since you broke poor Jim Johnson's heart?"

Desdemona was intent upon arranging her hair to her satisfaction in the mirror: she was fluffing it out over her eyes with her white, long, slim fingers.

"I'm going to have a good time, auntie: you are enjoying yourself with your Indian relics, and I am going to enjoy myself with this Saxon relic if I have a mind to."

Weeks went by, but the monotony was over, for Desdemona at least.

Every day some amusement, some pleasure, presented itself. There were rides in the early morning while the lazy village slumbered; there were drives in the afternoon, when others found the heat too oppressive to venture outside the doors of their green-shuttered houses: there was always boating in the evening, except when it rained, and then the vine-covered corner of the cottage veranda was nearly as cosy and comfortable as any canoe.

Walter Carey was Desdemona's attendant cavalier on every occasion: her acquaintances had multiplied; she knew all the girls there were to be known; and they were many, and all the men, but there were few. However, one, for a wonder, seemed to content Desdemona.

Miss Stuart noticed this and was highly pleased. She had found out all about the Careys; they belonged to an old English family, and were people of considerable fortune. Besides, she had taken a personal liking to the young man herself and thought he was a very desirable nephew-in-law in every way. Though she believed in the bliss of old maidenhood for herself, she wished her niece to marry, and had been half despairing of the fulfilment of her desire. Desdemona liked men, encouraged their attentions, flirted with them outdoress, but when they proposed to her she was done with them; there was no more fun to be got out of them so she sent them away. In vain did Miss Stuart remonstrate with her; she always laughed lightly, "I'm going to have a good time, auntie, just as long as I can," this had always been her answer. No wonder, therefore, that Miss Stuart was pleased when she saw the interest Desdemona took in young Carey. She had never been so interested before, Miss Stuart was sure of that, and so she was satisfied.

One evening Walter Carey came for Desdemona after tea, as usual, to take her for a paddle. Miss Stuart smiled complacently as she watched their pilgrimage down the bank and noted how careful he was that the weeds should not come in contact with Desdemona's white gown.

They had often remained out until late before, but this evening eleven o'clock came and they had not returned. It was a perfectly still night and the moon was almost at the full, yet Miss Stuart began to fear something had happened.

Something, evidently, had happened, for when at last they landed, they did not wait as was their way over their farewell, did not even touch hands. Desdemona walked in very straight, very pale, passed her aunt and went up to her room without speaking.

"I shall know in the morning," said Miss Stuart to herself, but when morning came all she learnt was from one of the villagers. Young Carey had left by the early train, *en route* for the Northwest.

Desdemona made no remarks: she said nothing concerning him that day or the next, but on the third, the day before their own departure for home, Miss Stuart could contain herself no longer.

They were on the veranda, a book was open in Desdemona's hand, but it could be plainly seen she was not reading it.

"Will you tell me now, Desdemona, your objections to marrying that nice young Englishman, Walter Carey?"

Evangeline toyed with the bunch of daisies in her belt: her voice was very slow, very even.

"He never asked me."

She paused for a moment and then broke into a low laugh.

"It is very ridiculous," she said, but as she looked across the blue lake to the old Fort by the rapids all was blurred by a mist of tears.

Montreal. MAY AUSTIN.

HUMOUROUS.

MISTRESS: Why can't you remember, Bridget, when I tell you a thousand times? I don't like to be always scolding you for forgetting. Amiable but forgetful servant: Faith, mum, you don't scold. It's quite pleasant you are, mum. The last lady I lived with used to come into the kitchen and stamp her feet and throw things at me.

"**CHARLEY,**" cautioned his mother, "the bishop is to dine with us to-day, and you must be very quiet at the table. I want him to think you are a good little boy." Very much impressed, Charley ate his dinner in silence until his plate needed replenishing. "Pa," he said, devoutly, "will you give me some more string beans, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

In a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: "We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man who is now standing outside the door come in and make certain whether she is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught."

THAT AWFUL BROTHER.—"I hope you will pardon my late arrival," said the young man, as he seated himself in the easiest chair. "I forgot my umbrella, and had to stand in a stairway until the shower was over." "That's one on you, Jennie," shouted Tommy, in great glee. "I told you so. Of course, he had sense enough to go in when it rained." And the silence that followed was plainly felt.

SERMONS IN STONES.—Tourist (of an inquiring and antiquarian turn of mind): Now, I suppose, Farmer, that large cairn of stones has some history? Highland Farmer: Och, aye, that buig o' stanes has a gran' history, whatever. Tourist (eagerly): Indeed! I should like to—What is the legend—? Farmer: Just a gran' history. (Solemnly) It took a' ma' cairts full and horses sax months to gather them aff the land and pit them the-r-re!

THE REASON WHY.—The late Dr. Rankin of Carlisle was possessed of a remarkable fund of dry Scotch humour. On one occasion, when visiting one of his patients, who was something of a hypochondriac, he put her the customary question as to how she was getting on. "Oh, no' weel at a', doctor. I had an awfu' nicht o't. My een never gaed thegither a' nicht." "Neither did mine, my good woman, neither did mine," replied the doctor. "D'ye tell me that? What was the reason o' that, doctor? Were you badly too?" "Oh, no," replied the doctor; "my nose was between them."



A SORE HEAD.

STUDENT: (To Professor who is uncovering bust) "How do you like my head?"
PROFESSOR: "It's cracked, you had better soak it for a while."

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Return tickets will be issued to all points on Canadian Pacific Railway, Port Arthur, Ont., and East, also to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and Intercolonial Railway and New Brunswick Railway points, as specified below:—

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 20 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.